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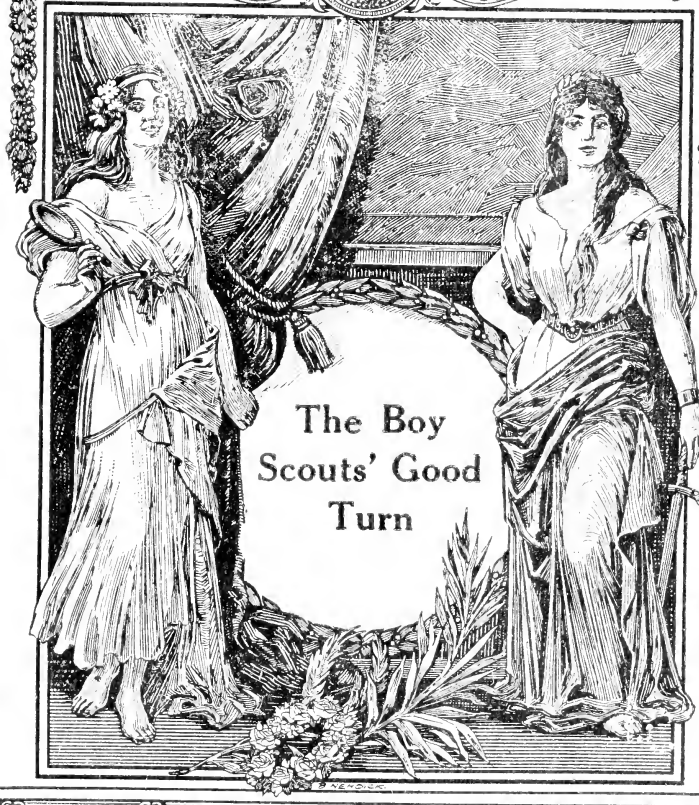
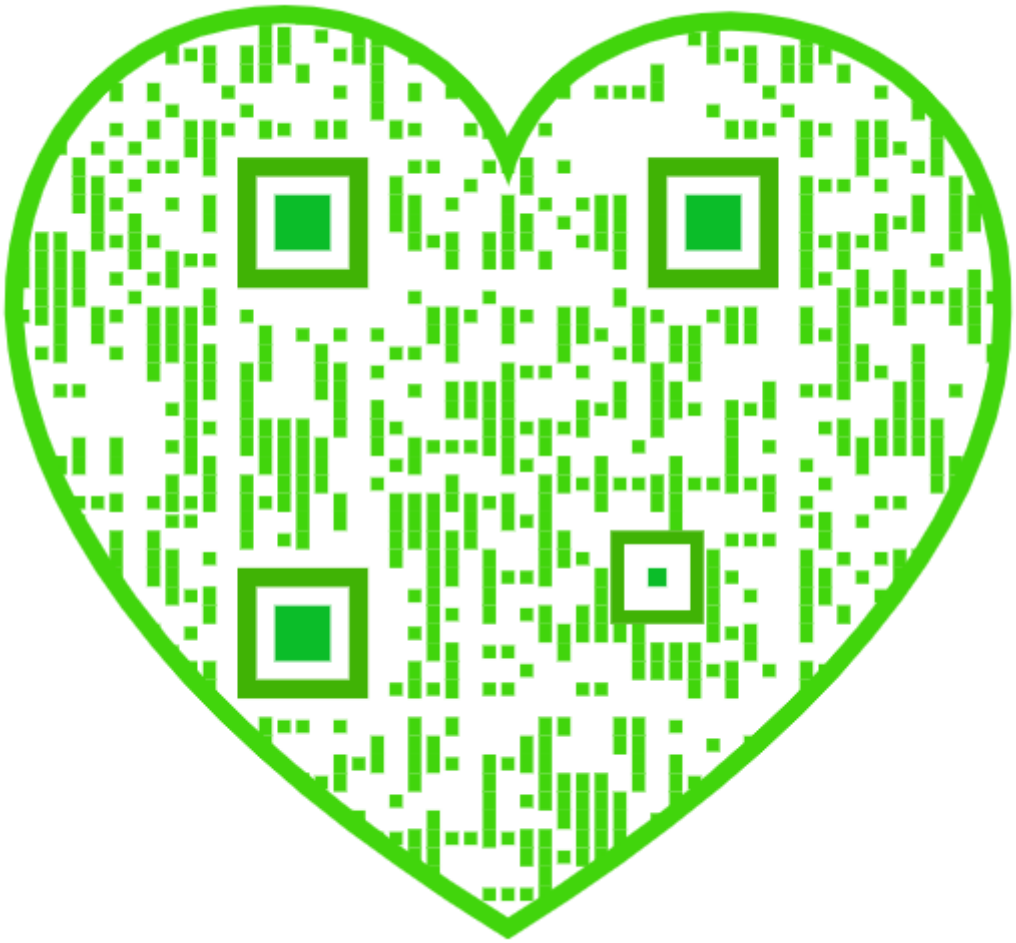


The Boy Scouts' Good Turn

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS CHICAGO



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THE BOY SCOUTS' GOOD TURN

A THREE-ACT PLAY DEPICTING TYPICAL SCOUT ACTIVITIES AND CAMP LIFE

BY

ALBERT EDMUND WESTON

Assistant Scoutmaster, Boy Scouts of America

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

THE BOY SCOUTS' GOOD TURN

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

STANLEY BURKE.....*Patrol Leader.*
HARRY CARTER.....*Assistant Patrol Leader.*
FRANK DOUGLAS.....*Scout Scribe.*
GEORGE HICKS.....*First Class Scout.*
SIMON SILVER.....*First Class Scout.*
CHARLIE MOORE.....*Second Class Scout.*
HANS PRETZELHAUS.....*Tenderfoot.*
TOMMIE GIBBINS.....*Tenderfoot.*
MR. HARRISON.....*Scoutmaster.*
MORRIS WILLIAMS.....*Assistant Scoutmaster.*
HUGO JACKSON....*A Tough and Enemy of the Boy Scouts*
BILL FLYNN.....*One of Jackson's Cronies.*
JOE SMITH.....*Another Cronie.*
MR. ST. CLAIR.....*Wealthy Banker.*
MRS. ST. CLAIR.....*His Wife.*
HAROLD ST. CLAIR, *Aged Seven*.....*His Son.*
HELEN ST. CLAIR.....*His Daughter.*
THOMAS.....*Servant to the St. Clairs.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*One Hour and Three Quarters.*

ACT I—The Boy Scouts' Clubroom. News of the Kidnapping.

ACT II—The Scouts in Camp. On the Trail.

ACT III—The Capture of the Kidnappers. The Boy Scouts' Reward.

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SEP 12 1917

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—The patrol meeting. Camping plans discussed. A sudden interruption. "Little Harold St. Clair has been kidnapped!" Mr. Harrison takes up pursuit. Boys hold council. They follow a clue and conclude that Hugo Jackson and his cronies are the kidnappers. Hans furnishes some fun. Mr. Harrison returns. "The kidnappers are hiding in the Catskills!" Scouts determine to run them down. Off for camp.

ACT II—The scouts in camp. Officers hold council. Morris Williams relates a thrilling experience which furnishes clues. "The kidnappers are near our camp!" Scouts drill and play games. Stanley Burke and Harry Carter are lost. Mr. Harrison takes up the search. A lesson in cheerfulness. The searchers return unsuccessful. Search put off until morning.

ACT. III—*Scene* 1: The kidnappers' cave. A threatening letter. Harold St. Clair shows his colors. Two boyish prisoners state their minds. A brutal attempt. "Saved—in the nick of time!" The capture of the kidnappers. The reformation of three young crooks.

ACT III—*Scene* 2: Home of the St. Clairs. A happy family. The Scouts are offered a large sum of money for their achievement. "Scouts never take 'tips' for good turns." A trip to Yellowstone Park. "Three cheers for Mr. St. Clair and Yellowstone!"

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

The Boy Scouts of the Eagle Patrol hold a meeting to discuss camping plans. Near the close of the meeting, one of the scouts rushes in with the news that little Harold St. Clair, the seven-year-old son of a wealthy banker, has been kidnapped. The scouts determine to hunt down the kidnappers and rescue Harold. By following a number of clues, they discover that the kidnappers are none other than

Hugo Jackson, Bill Flynn and Joe Smith, three old enemies of the Boy Scouts, and that they are hiding in the Catskill Mountains. At once they start on the trail.

During their first night in camp, the scouts tumble upon a great clue, and discover that Jackson and his cronies are situated in a cave not far from their camp. The next day, searching parties are sent out to locate the cave. Two of the scouts, Stanley Burke and Harry Carter, find it, but are captured by Jackson who binds them with heavy ropes and confines them in the cave.

Meanwhile, the scouts in camp are in a great state of agitation over the non-appearance of their two comrades. A search for them is started, but darkness falls and the hunt has to be discontinued. In the morning, however, they make a fresh start, and by following the trail of the two scouts, finally arrive at the cave. The kidnappers are captured, Harold St. Clair is rescued and the two captives set free.

When Harold St. Clair is restored to his father, the latter thanks the scouts warmly and offers to give them a large sum of money for their services. The scouts, however, politely decline to accept a "tip" for their "good turn." So Mr. St. Clair shows his appreciation by promising them a trip to Yellowstone Park, which they are indeed glad to accept.

Comedy is furnished by Hans Pretzelhaus, a Dutch scout with a name and an appetite, and Simon Silver, a happy-go-lucky fellow with an inclination for making poetry. Camp life is full of fun and excitement, and offers a splendid opportunity for demonstrating signalling, drilling, games, etc.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

STANLEY BURKE—A boy of about seventeen, with a quiet but dignified manner, and a quality of leadership which makes him loved and respected by all. Wears scout uniform throughout.

HARRY CARTER—Boy of about seventeen, forceful, energetic, impulsive. Wears scout uniform throughout action.

FRANK DOUGLAS—Good-natured lad of about sixteen, with a firm sense of friendship. Wears scout uniform throughout.

GEORGE HICKS—Lively and spirited boy of about sixteen. Wears scout uniform throughout.

SIMON SILVER—A sunny youth of about fifteen, with a happy disposition and a knack for making poetry. Wears scout suit throughout.

CHARLIE MOORE—Boy of about fourteen, well-disposed but more quiet and retiring. Wears scout uniform throughout.

HANS PRETZELHAUS—A Dutch lad of fourteen years, good-natured and jolly, though rather clumsy and awkward. Wears boy's suit in first part of Act I, and scout uniform throughout rest of play.

TOMMIE GIBBINS—Boy of twelve, rather impulsive and excitable. Wears scout uniform throughout.

MR. HARRISON—Scoutmaster of the patrol. Wears scoutmaster's suit throughout.

MORRIS WILLIAMS—Assistant Scoutmaster, a young man between twenty and thirty years of age. Wears scoutmaster's suit throughout.

HUGO JACKSON—A thickset, disagreeable fellow of about twenty years. Wears ordinary walking suit, which is rather the worse for wear, and soft felt hat.

BILL FLYNN—A coarse, vulgar youth of about nineteen. Wears a pair of old trousers and a vest, but no coat, and an old felt hat.

JOE SMITH—About nineteen years of age, sneaky and shiftless. Wears rather seedy looking suit and cap pulled down over eyes.

MR. ST. CLAIR—Wealthy gentleman, about fifty years of age, dignified and stately. Wears ordinary walking suit.

MRS. ST. CLAIR—Refined and motherly lady. Dresses plainly though very neatly.

HELEN ST. CLAIR—Girl of about sixteen years, well dressed and attractive.

THOMAS—Middle aged man. Wears butler's suit.

LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Flags, pennants, pictures, etc., for walls of clubroom. Two tables, several chairs. Gavel for Stanley Burke, handkerchief for Tommie, cabbage and cheese for Hans.

Two tents, fireplace, cooking utensils, tripod, bugle. Signal flags, paper and pencil for Harry Carter, scout whistles.

Old table and chairs for cave, pencil and paper for Joe Smith, two heavy ropes. Whip for Jackson, three pairs handcuffs, Scout Handbook for Bill Flynn.

Chairs, furniture, etc., for sitting room. Musical instrument for Mrs. St. Clair. Handkerchief and roll of bills for Mr. St. Clair.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. indicates right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right of center; *L.*, left; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

MAKING THE CAMP FIRE.

An excellent imitation of a camp fire may be made by heaping logs of wood around a lighted incandescent globe, extended from behind the scenes by means of a drop-cord. The cracks between the logs are filled in with red crepe paper. CAUTION—Do *not* attempt to make a real fire on the stage.

THE BOY SCOUTS' GOOD TURN

Act I.

Scene: *Interior of Boy Scouts' Clubroom. Table and chair R. facing L. for Patrol Leader, chair R. facing L. for Scoutmaster, chair R. facing L. for Assistant Scoutmaster, table and chair R. facing L. for Scout Scribe. Several chairs L. facing R. for scouts to occupy. The walls are decorated with flags, pennants, pictures of national heroes, etc. Scout equipment, such as drums, staffs, etc., in various parts of the room.*

Curtain rises discovering Stanley, Harry, Frank, George, Simon, Charlie, Hans, Mr. Harrison *and* Mr. Williams *standing at their places ready to be seated. All except* Hans *wear uniforms.*

Mr. Harrison. The scouts will please count off.

(*Boys count off in turn in the order given above. Number 7 fails to respond.* Hans *is number 8.*) I hear no response from number 7. Does anyone know why Scout Gibbins is absent?

Charlie (*rising and saluting*). I know, sir. He went on an important errand for Mr. St. Clair. He said he would come to the meeting as soon as he could.

Mr. Harrison. Very well. We will proceed with our business without him. Scouts please be seated. (*Boys sit down.*)

Stanley (*rapping gavel*). The meeting will please come to order.

Mr. Harrison. Scouts, we have met today to discuss plans for our summer camping trip. But before we proceed with that business, I should like to say that our young German friend, Hans Pretzelhaus, has successfully passed the Tenderfoot test, and is now enrolled as a regular member of the Eagle Patrol. Step forward a moment Hans.

(HANS *gets up awkwardly and starts C. but stumbles and falls.*)

HANS. Py chiminy, vot vos der matter, alreaty yet? (*Scouts stifle laughter.* HANS *rises sheepishly to his feet.*)

MR. HARRISON. Scout Pretzelhaus, we are glad to welcome you as a member of the Eagle Patrol, and feel sure that with the proper training, you will do honor to the patrol. You will need a good deal of instruction, however, and you must follow the example of the other scouts. You may now be seated. (HANS *sits down.*) Now about the camping plans. The principal question that confronts us is "Where shall we make our camp?" I shall be pleased to hear some suggestions from the boys. (MR. HARRISON *sits down.*)

HARRY. I suggest that we go to Silver Creek. There's lots of fishin' an' swimmin' there. We can use our canoes, too, an' make a raft.

SIMON (*interrupting*). Yes, and be ate up alive by the mosquitoes. I think—

STANLEY (*with rap of gavel*). Scout Silver, you are out of order.

SIMON (*rising and bowing profusely*). I beg your pardon, but I think there are too many mos-*quee*-toes at Silver Creek. I would suggest that we name some other place.

GEORGE. I think Black Bear's Mountain is a good place to go. We can—

HANS (*breaking in*). Yaw? Vot vos dot you said apout some Plack Pears, alreaty yet? I vos preety qvick—

STANLEY. Scout Pretzelhaus, you are out of order.

HANS (*perplexedly*). Oud of vot?

STANLEY. You are out of order. You should rise and salute the chair.

HANS. Vich chair?

STANLEY (*impatiently*). You should address me. I am the chair.

HANS (*astonished*). You vos a chair. How vos dot, alreaty?

MR. HARRISON. Scout Pretzelhaus, you don't seem to

understand parliamentary rules very well. If you have anything to say you should rise to your feet and salute Stanley there. He is the chairman. Do you understand?

HANS. Yaw, I ferstay.

MR. HARRISON. Well, let's see you do it then. (HANS *rises, gives an awkward salute, and stands scratching his head and gazing about perplexedly.*)

STANLEY. Well, Scout Pretzelhaus, what do you wish to say?

HANS. I dunno. I forgot him alreaty yet, py chiminy.

STANLEY (*severely*). Be seated then. Never let this happen again.

HANS. Yaw. (*Sits down sheepishly.*)

MR. WILLIAMS. I have a proposition to offer, boys, which I think might interest you. Far up in New York state in the heart of the Catskill Mountains, is a pretty lake. It is not a very large lake, and as far as I know it has no name. All kinds of plant and animal life are abundant there, and the lake is full of salmon and trout. I think this would be an excellent place for our camp. What do the scouts think about it? (*As this speech goes on the eyes of the boys grow wide with excitement, and when he finishes a murmur of assent passes around the room.*)

STANLEY. I think that is a fine place for a camp, and we ought to choose it for ours. Will somebody make a motion to that effect?

HARRY. Mr. Chairman, I move that we select the place that our Assistant Scoutmaster has suggested for our camp.

CHARLIE. I second the motion.

STANLEY. Regularly moved and seconded. Are you ready for the question?

GEORGE. How are we going to reach our destined camping grounds?

STANLEY. We can discuss that question later. All in favor of the motion signify by giving the Scout Sign. (*Unanimous vote in favor.*) Carried. So ordered.

MR. HARRISON. Well boys, you have chosen a fine camping ground. I am familiar with the spot, and can assure

you a very pleasant camping trip. We will now give our patrol yell and adjourn.

Local patrol yell is here given. Just as the last words are being repeated, TOMMIE GIBBINS *rushes into the room L. U. E., very much excited and overturning chairs, etc., in his way. He rushes up to* MR. HARRISON, *who stands C., gives a hasty salute and then begins to speak rather rapidly.*

TOMMIE. Excuse me, sir, for breaking in this way, but the awfullest thing has happened! Little Harold St. Clair has been kidnapped! He was playing in his front yard when a man drove up in an auto and grabbed him and put him in the auto and took him off and there were two other men in the auto, too, and Mrs. St. Clair was sitting right in the window and saw the whole business, and—and—

SCOUTS (*in concert*). What! Harold St. Clair kidnapped?

MR. HARRISON. How long ago did all this happen, Tommie?

TOMMIE. About half an hour ago, sir. Mrs. St. Clair is so excited she's almost wild about it and Mr. St. Clair is 'phoning for detectives, and the police department's coming down to the house, and—

MR. HARRISON. That's enough, Tommie. I shall take my auto out at once and try to follow the kidnappers. Do you know of any clue that might lead to their identity?

TOMMIE (*drawing large handkerchief from his pocket*). Yes, sir. I found this handkerchief on the lawn in front of St. Clair's house, where Harold was playing. (*Boys all gather about eagerly.*) Just take a whiff of that!

MR. HARRISON. Whew! Chloroform!

TOMMIE (*holding handkerchief up in both hands*). Yes, and here's an initial in the corner!

SCOUTS (*eagerly*). What is the initial?

TOMMIE. It's the letter "J."

MR. HARRISON. Give me the handkerchief, please, Tommie. That is a very important clue, and may help to locate the kidnappers. I will be off now. There is no time to lose. (*Exit* MR. HARRISON, *R. U. E.*)

GEORGE (*excitedly*). I wonder if he'll be able to overtake them?

MR. WILLIAMS. That is uncertain. At any rate, he will be able to follow after them and thus tell where they are headed for. But, for the present, I think we had better forget this affair. Some of the scouts are a little behind in wigwagging, and I propose that we go out and have a few minutes signal practice.

BOYS (*enthusiastically*). That's a good idea. Let's.

MR. WILLIAMS. All right. Scouts Burke and Douglas are already proficient in signalling, and so they are excused. The rest of you form single file and march down to the park. (HARRY, GEORGE, SIMON, CHARLIE, HANS *and* TOMMIE *form single file in C. facing L. and exeunt, L. U. E.*)

STANLEY (*saluting* MR. WILLIAMS). Please, sir, can't Harry Carter also be excused from practice? He's a First Class Scout, you know, and Frank and I want to hold a consultation with him.

MR. WILLIAMS (*smiling*). What's coming off? Some sort of a scheme for tracking up kidnappers?

STANLEY. Never mind. We'll tell you our plans later. Can we have Harry?

MR. WILLIAMS. Yes, I'll send him back right away. So long.

BOYS. So long. (*Exit* MR. WILLIAMS, *L. U. E.*)

FRANK. What'll we do until Harry gets back? Oh, I'll tell you! Let's sing that scout song that Simon made up the other day.

STANLEY. Bully! We want to get that in good shape to sing at camp. (*Boys step front in C. and stand with arms about each other's shoulders. They sing the following song: tune, "Yankee Doodle."*)

A BRAVE OLD SCOUT

O, once there was a brave old scout
Way out in old Wyoming,
He loved to travel all about
And spent his days in roaming.

CHORUS

Up and down and all around,
He wandered o'er the mountain,
Fed on bear meat by the pound
And drank from silvery fountain.

One day he met a grizzly bear
As fierce as Alexander,
It gave him such an awful scare,
To see that old bear stand there.

CHORUS

He ran right down the mountain side
As fast as he could caper,
And now he spends his time at home
And reads the daily paper.

CHORUS

(*Boys finish and seat themselves C.*)

FRANK. Wyoming must be a fine state for scouting. Yellowstone Park is out there, too. Some day I hope to go there and have some *real* scouting.

STANLEY. Yes, that must be a great place. But maybe we wouldn't be so anxious to stay there either after we had met a big grizzly.

FRANK. Pooh! Who's afraid of bears? That song isn't true anyway.

Enter HARRY, *L. U. E.*

HARRY. Well, I'm here at last. Have you discussed any of our plans yet? (*Sits down, L. C.*)

STANLEY. No, but since you have arrived we will begin. In the first place I think I know who the kidnappers are!

FRANK *and* HARRY (*eagerly*). Who! Who!

STANLEY. Well, I'm not sure I'm right about this, and I don't want either of you fellows to say a word. You remember that handkerchief which Tommie found, with the letter "J" in the corner. In my opinion that "J" stands for Jackson.

FRANK. Not Hugo Jackson?

STANLEY. Yes, he's the one I mean.

HARRY. By jingoes, I bet you're right. That fellow's none too good to stoop to anything. Only last week he was caught stealing money from the till in his father's store. He's always hard up, and perhaps he stole Harold St. Clair to get a ransom for him.

FRANK. Yes, but Tommie said there were two other fellows in the auto. What do you make of that?

STANLEY. That only strengthens my opinion. The two other fellows were Jackson's cronies, Bill Flynn and Joe Smith.

HARRY. By jiminy, you're right! What a head you have got, old man! You ought to be a detective.

STANLEY. I'll be well satisfied if I can only detect the crooks in this kidnapping business.

FRANK. How did Jackson and his cronies first become enemies of the scouts?

STANLEY. Harry, you tell us.

HARRY. Well, this affair has always been something of a mystery to me, but I will tell you what I know of it. About two years ago, when we first organized our troop, Hugo Jackson was one of the leading figures in the movement. He wanted to become Patrol Leader, but being of a bossy disposition, the boys would not support him, and he was defeated. He didn't say much about his failure at the time, and nobody thought any more about it. But about a month later, when we had an entertainment and cleared over $60, Hugo Jackson disappeared with the proceeds. Ever since that time, he has been roaming the country, leading a wild life, and has always been hostile toward the Boy Scouts. His cronies, Bill Flynn and Joe Smith, are crooks that he picked up while on his journeys.

FRANK. And didn't you ever tackle him about that $60 that he took?

HARRY. Yes, I met him one day and asked him to return the money. He blustered about a good deal and denied that he took it. Said that he had handed it all over to Stanley

before he left town. I knew this was only a bluff, but it was useless to argue with him.

FRANK. Well, he's a bigger crook than I ever thought he was.

Noise and confusion off R. Enter HANS, *R. U. E.*

HARRY. Hoorah! Here comes old bologna-sausage!

FRANK. How's old Pretzelsniper, anyway? Have you got any sauerkraut in your pocket? (HANS *sits down R. C.*)

HANS. Yaw! I haf him, alreaty yet. (*Dives into pocket and brings forth handful of cabbage, sliced so as to resemble sauerkraut.*) Haf some. (*Offers some to* FRANK.)

FRANK. No, thanks. I don't care for sauerkraut.

STANLEY. Perhaps Frank would rather have some Limburger cheese.

HANS. Yaw? Vell, I haf dot, too, alreaty. (*Produces piece of cheese.*)

BOYS (*holding their noses*). Phew! Fresh air! Fresh air!

HARRY. Put him out!

FRANK. Bring water! Water!

STANLEY. You'll have to get rid of that cheese, Hans, or you'll have us all suffocated.

HANS. Yaw? Vell, I get rid of him preety qvick, alreaty. (*Crams cheese into his mouth. Boys all turn with their backs toward* HANS, *who calmly takes more cheese and sauerkraut from his pocket and eats it.*)

HARRY (*after a moment or two*). Say, Pretzelhaus, are you through with that free lunch yet?

HANS (*cramming in last bit of sauerkraut*). Yaw.

STANLEY. Well then, I guess we'll turn around again. Whew, what a boiler you must have, Hans. (*Boys all face front again.*)

FRANK. Come on now, Dutch, you've had a good feed, suppose you sing us a song.

HANS (*grinning*). Alrighd. Shall I sing "Bull for der Shore, Sailor?"

FRANK. What! That old chestnut? Well, I guess not.

HANS. Dot vos all I know, alreaty yet.

HARRY. What fearful ignorance! Don't you even know "Tipperary"?

HANS. Dippy Mary? Who vos she?

FRANK. That's a song.

HANS. Oh! (*Scratches his head for a moment as though absorbed in thought*). I haf one! (*Stands C., throws back head, opens mouth very wide and begins to sing*:)

DOT LITTLE GOADT

Tune: "O Where, O Where is My Little Dog Gone?"

I had a goadt py der name of Fritz,
Und a sly old goadt vas he;
He could eat more pretzels in an hour or two
Than I could eat in dhree.

I had a shirt mid a bosom front,
As nice as you efer could buy,
I had it vashed all clean und vite,
Und laid on der grass to dry.

Dot goadt vas shtanding righd near, preety qvick,
He had a preety good gaul;
Und ven I vent der house in righd avay,
He ate dot shirt, buttons and all.

O vhere, O vhere is dot little goadt gone?
For I don't see him yet anymore,
But some day, me und der goadt und der shirt
Vill meet on der peautiful shore.

BOYS (*clapping vigorously*). Encore! Encore!

HANS (*wondering*). Vot vos dot?

STANLEY. We want you to sing us another song. Gee, if I had a voice like you have, I'd get a job in an opera.

HANS. Vell, I don't know some oder vons, alreaty yet.

HARRY. Well, you better learn some, then. That beautiful voice of yours should be cultivated.

Enter MR. HARRISON, *R. U. E.*

Boys (*in concert*). What news! What news! Did you follow the kidnappers? (Mr. Harrison *seats himself C. Boys gather round.*)

Mr. Harrison. Yes, boys, I followed the road along which they were said to have gone, but I failed to catch a glimpse of them. Several persons whom I met along the road said that a large auto containing three men had passed about half an hour before. I followed as far as the state border, and it is evident that they crossed this in order to evade the law. While in New York they will feel comparatively safe.

Stanley. And why did you give up the chase? Why didn't you follow them up into New York state and arrest them?

Mr. Harrison. Indeed, Stanley, nothing would have pleased me better, but I lacked authority for so doing. They are now outside of the state in which the crime was committed, and I would have no legal right to touch them, even if I did overtake them. What we do now we must do largely by force, and I shall need help.

Harry. Well, what do you propose to do?

Mr. Harrison. Listen, boys, I'll tell you. I believe the kidnappers are headed straight for the Catskill Mountains. If so, they will be somewhere near our camp. Now we didn't expect to leave for camp until the middle of next week, but I think circumstances would justify us in starting at once, and then directing every effort toward locating the kidnappers. That will be real scout work, and will give you some valuable experience, besides.

Boys (*enthusiastically*). Hurrah! That's what we'll do!

Mr. Harrison. Good. I see you are ready for work. Of course, you will have to go home first and get your parents' consent and make the necessary preparations. The tents, supplies and paraphernalia are all ready, so we can make an almost immediate start. Where are the other scouts?

Frank. They're out in the park with Mr. Williams, practicing signalling.

MR. HARRISON. Very well. We'll notify them on our way home. Let us be quick now, and report here in an hour.

(Exeunt all L. U. E. Curtain drops, remains down for a moment to indicate passing of an hour, and rises discovering all the SCOUTS *gathered in circle about* MR. HARRISON, *who stands in C. All wear full uniforms and have full hiking equipment, including haversack, canteen, axe and blanket.)*

MR. HARRISON. Well, boys, that was quick work, and your hearty and unanimous response shows that you have been putting into practice the Scout Motto. Every lad on deck, prepared from tip to toe! That's fine. And now, let's give our yells and we'll be off. All ready—
(They give the following yell:)

Chic-a-laca! Chic-a-laca!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boom-a-laca! Boom-a-laca!
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Yell it! Shout it! Bing, Bang, STAMP!
BOY SCOUTS! BOY SCOUTS! Off to camp!

(Other yells may then be given, such as "America," "Skyrocket," "Scout Rank Yell," etc. Last of all, the following camp yell is given:)

Bing-a-bang! Bing-a-bang!
Zing! Zing! Zing!
Here's our camp yell,
Let it ring!
Fried pettaters, hardtack, stew!
Off for camp! Hurrah! HURROO!

CURTAIN.

Act II.

Scene: *Camp. Woods in background. Two tents pitched in rear of stage facing front. Fireplace between the two tents, over which swings a large kettle suspended on a tripod. Bugle blows reveille as curtain rises. Discover bugler standing in C. One by one, the other boys come out of the tent.* Hans *comes last, rubbing his eyes and gazing about sleepily.*

Mr. Harrison. Well, boys, we've passed our first night in camp! How do you like it?

Boys (*in chorus*). Fine! Great! Bully!

Charlie. I slept like a top!

George. Same here. I'll tell you what, this is the life for me!

Simon. I'm just bubbling over. Say fellows, this is the ideal place for the poet. Just listen to this (*recites the following verses, making many profuse and comical gestures*).

PORK AND BEANS

The golden sun peeps o'er the hill,
And smiles upon our camp;
I hear the little bubbling rill,
The ground with dew is damp;
A robin sits in yonder tree,
A-swinging to and fro,
And sings a little song to me,
In accents sweet and low.

And yet, I feel sad and annoyed,
These beauties all grow still;
Within—there yawns an aching void,
These things can never fill!
Is there no balm in Gilead?
Ah, yes! There is a means!
I'd soon be gay if I only had
A—plate of pork and beans!

HARRY. Hurrah! Them's my sentiments.

FRANK. I second the motion.

HANS. Och, such a rotten poetry. It gifs you a pain in der—

SIMON (*interrupting*). Well, could you do any better?

HANS. Vell, I vouldn't be afraid to take a shance, alreaty yet.

BOYS (*encouragingly*). Hurrah! That's the spirit, Hans. Go to it. Show 'im what you can do!

SIMON (*mockingly*). Yes. Go ahead. Show 'im, if you can.

HANS. Vell, py golly, I vill go ahead. Here goes, if you don't belief it. (HANS *recites the following, making many pauses, and scratching his head a good deal in between.*)

GOOD OLD LIMBURGER

O, look at der peautiful sunset,
A-rising o'er der trees,
Und der schmell of der good old Limburger
A-floating on der breeze.
I see der leetle cabbage fly
A-flyin' all around,
Und he buzzes some more mit his golden vings,
Und he flops dem on der ground.
He knows vhere der good old Lim—

SIMON (*with a pretense at fainting*). Stop! For the love of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and all the poets, stop!

HANS. Vot's der matter, already yet? Ain'd dot alrighd?

SIMON (*weakly*). All right! Suffering alligators—ain'd dot alrighd! (*Fiercely to* HANS.) What on earth has Limburger cheese and cabbage flies got to do with the refined and exceedingly genteel art of versification? You ought to be hung for murder, that's what!

HANS (*terrified*). For murder! Vot you mean?

SIMON. Why, for butchering the English language. (*All laugh.*)

MR. HARRISON. Well, boys, there's lots to be done this morning, so we'll have to get busy. The first thing on the

program is to get breakfast ready. I'll appoint George Hicks as cook for today. So, George, you get the pot a-humming and cook a good, square meal for us. (GEORGE *goes to fire, stirs in pot, brings forth meat, potatoes, etc., and busies himself around fire.*) The secret of the success of any camp lies in a systematic division of labor. Now, I propose to give each boy his task, and expect each to perform his willingly. Charlie, you and Simon go upon the slope yonder, and try to locate a good spring of drinking water. If you find one, send us a signal and I'll send the boys up with a pail to fetch some water. (SIMON *and* CHARLIE *salute and exit L. U. E.*) And Hans, you and Tommie hunt up some good, dry firewood. (HANS *and* TOMMIE *salute and exit R. U. E.*) Now I should like to hold a council with the troop officers. We must discuss our plans for the day's activities. (STANLEY, HARRY, FRANK *and* MR. WILLIAMS *here gather about* MR. HARRISON. *All seat themselves on ground in front of tents.*) As you all know, our principal object during our stay here is sport and recreation. But we also have an important duty before us. I am quite certain that the kidnappers of little Harold St. Clair are hiding up here in these mountains, somewhere near our camp. During our stay here, we must make every effort to locate them. I believe our Assistant Scoutmaster has some important information for us.

MR. WILLIAMS. Yes, I have a clue that might lead to something. At any rate, I think it is worth trying.

BOYS (*eagerly*). What is it?

MR. WILLIAMS. Well, I'll tell you my story. Last night, you remember, just before we turned in, we talked about posting sentries to guard the camp, but after considering the question we thought it would not be necessary. So we all tumbled off to bed and left our camp unguarded. I was a little uneasy about this, for, although I did not contemplate any danger, I thought it best to be on the safe side. But I did not want to disturb others with my misgivings, so I said nothing and went to bed with the rest. About one o'clock in the morning, I awoke with a start. I had been having a

troubled dream about thieves breaking into camp. I tried to forget it and fall back to sleep, but somehow or other my dream clung to me, and I lay awake thinking about it. Suddenly I heard footsteps outside the tent! I sat up and gazed about. Everyone in the tent was fast asleep, and I counted every boy. I knew then that it was none of the scouts that I heard outside. For a few seconds all was silence, and then—I heard voices, conversing in a hoarse whisper just outside the tent! I arose cautiously and stole over to the side from which the voices came. Placing my ear against the canvas, I could hear the conversation! (MR. WILLIAMS *pauses.*)

BOYS (*excitedly*). You could?

STANLEY. And what did you hear?

MR. WILLIAMS. Well, there was no mistaking the first voice I heard. It was the coarse, bullying voice of Hugo Jackson!

BOYS. What! Hugo Jackson?

MR. WILLIAMS. Yes. And this is what he said: "Blame these pesky scouts, anyway. I'm afraid some of them will wake up and spoil our plans." Then came another voice, "Are you sure the boy you want is here?" "Sure" was the reply, "Tommie Gibbins is the one. His father is worth half a million, and we ought to get some ransom for him. If we get a thousand for him and a thousand for the St. Clair kid, we'll have enough to set us up out west." "That's so," said the other. "But how are you going to get this Gibbins kid?" "Well," replied Jackson, "You lift the canvas and grab him. Then hand him to me and I'll rush to the cave with him."

HARRY. The measly rascals! They wanted to kidnap Tommie, too!

MR. WILLIAMS. Yes, but luckily their scheme failed. Just then, the wind broke a limb off of a rotten tree somewhere in back of the camp, and it fell with a crash. I guess the noise scared the rogues away, for I heard nothing more of them, although I kept awake from that time until morning.

MR. HARRISON. Well, Morris, your experience of last night furnishes us with a number of excellent clues. We are now certain that Hugo Jackson and his cronies are the kidnappers, and we know that they are located somewhere near this camp. We also know that their hiding place is a cave. By making use of our knowledge of scouting, we ought to be able to track them to their cave. We will follow our regular program this morning, and this afternoon we will send out scouting parties in every direction to try to locate the kidnappers. Does this plan meet with your approval?

BOYS (*eagerly*). You bet it does!

MR. HARRISON. Good. I see you are ready for the work. That is the true scout spirit.

FRANK (*jumping up suddenly and looking off L.*). Look, fellows! There's Simon and Charlie up on the mountain there. See, they're getting ready to wigwag a message.

STANLEY. Quick, Frank, get the signal flag. I'll take the message and you, Harry, write it down. (FRANK *brings signal flag from tent and hands it to* STANLEY. HARRY *produces paper and pencil and gets ready to write.*) Already now? Here comes the message.

HARRY. Already.

STANLEY (*repeating message*). W-e h-a-v-e f-o-u-n-d w-a-t-e-r.

HARRY (*reading message*). We have found water.

STANLEY. All right, we'll take the buckets and go up for some at once. Wait until I give them an answer.

(STANLEY *wigwags a short message. Curtain drops as he signals to indicate passing of time, during which scouts are supposed to eat breakfast. Curtain rises discovering* MR. HARRISON *standing in C. He blows whistle and scouts appear,* STANLEY *and* FRANK *from R. U. E.;* HARRY *and* GEORGE *from L. U. E.;* MR. WILLIAMS, SIMON *and* CHARLIE *from tent, L.; and* HANS *and* TOMMIE *from tent, R. Each salutes and stands at attention as he appears.* MR. HARRISON *then puts them through regular military drill, etc. (This is a good opportunity for the troop to work in any special feats or stunts that they know.) After this the boys*

engage in scout games, such as Badger Pulling, Cock Fighting, Horse and Rider, Hand Wrestling, etc.)

Curtain drops to indicate passing of time, and rises on stage entirely dark except for the light of the camp fire. Discover GEORGE, SIMON, CHARLIE, HANS *and* TOMMIE *seated about the camp fire, and* FRANK *pacing up and down in front of the tents, peering from time to time into the darkness of the woods.*

SIMON. Well, Frank, what's the matter with you? You look as if you lost your last friend, and were peering out there in the chilly mist of the cold, damp woods to catch a glimpse of his ghost. (*Shudders.*)

FRANK. Well, to tell the truth, it is nearly that bad. Stanley and Harry have been out in the mountains searching for the kidnappers all afternoon. Here it is, half past eight, and they haven't got back yet.

SIMON. Why, that's so. Seems as if I forgot all about that. I've been so busy—so busy—a—ahem—a-making poetry and so forth—a—suppose I recite a few lines of—

FRANK. Simon! Can you never be sensible? Don't you see we are in a serious position? What if those mean, contemptible, low-down—er—I mean what if the *kidnappers* got hold of them and maybe killed them? (*Continues to pace up and down.*)

SIMON (*with wild gestures*). Thy tragic picture is overdrawn—I, er—ahem—

GEORGE. For goodness sake, somebody sit on his head and keep him quiet.

SIMON (*trying to appear very much hurt*). Spare thyself the trouble. My poetic outbursts have been scorned by those I love. Thou couldst not hire me to speak.

HANS. Vell, nobody vants to hire you, so blease keep quiet.

CHARLIE. Where are Mr. Harrison and Mr. Williams?

FRANK. They started out about an hour ago to search for Stanley and Harry. I wish they would come back. It's very dark tonight, and easy to get lost in the mountains.

SIMON. Oh, you're worse than some old quack. You

ought to look at the bright side of things. And say, that reminds me of a little poem I made up, entitled—

GEORGE. See here. I thought you weren't going to recite any more of that rotten poetry.

SIMON. Well, I haven't recited any, have I? I merely said that the title was "The Bright Side of a Silver Dollar."

GEORGE. Well, what's the joke?

SIMON. Why, both sides are bright, of course.

GEORGE. Well, Simon, you win. So you consider yourself to be a silver dollar, as you term it?

SIMON. Sure. I'm a genuine Simon Silver dollar. I believe in being cheerful whether it's summer or winter, day or night, rain or shine. "Behind the clouds the sun's still shining" the folks used to say, and I believe that's the best old saying I know. What's the seventh point of the Scout Law?

BOYS (*in chorus*). A scout is cheerful.

SIMON. Well, that's why I'm cheerful. I believe in being a *whole* scout, not eleven-twelfths of one.

FRANK. Good boy, Simon! That's the right spirit. Here's my hand and I'll never interfere with your verses again, if you keep it up until I'm daffy.

GEORGE. Same here. (*Gives* SIMON *his hand.*) I'm with you hereafter, Simon.

HANS. Pully for dot poy, ain'd it alreaty yet? He vos von corker und no mishtake!

CHARLIE (*jumping up suddenly*). Say, fellows, don't you hear something that sounds like a scout whistle, way off there to the north? (*Boys all listen and faint sound of scout whistle is heard off L.*)

FRANK. Hurrah! It's Mr. Harrison and Mr. Williams. Wait, I'll give them a signal. (*Takes out whistle and blows a succession of short, sharp blasts.*) There, that ought to bring them. Yes, they're answering. I'll give it again. (*Repeats message.*)

Enter MR. HARRISON *and* MR. WILLIAMS, *L. U. E., looking rather tired and discouraged.*

BOYS (*eagerly*). Did you find them?

MR. HARRISON. No, boys, I am sorry to say we did not. It is so dark on the mountain that it is useless to search for them tonight. In all probability, that rascally Jackson and his gang captured them, but I do not think any harm will befall them. They are brave lads and I am sure they will act like true scouts in an emergency. The first thing in the morning, we will make a thorough search. And now, I think we had better turn in and get a good night's rest. It will be necessary to post sentries tonight, and I will appoint Scouts Silver and Moore for the first watch. They will be relieved at twelve o'clock by Scouts Douglas and Pretzelhaus, and at three o'clock, Scouts Hicks and Gibbins will watch.

(Bugle sounds Taps, and curtain falls, remains down for a moment and then rises slowly, discovering sentries pacing up and down in front of camp.)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I: *Kidnappers' cave. A background of rocks painted on a canvas would be very effective. If this is not obtainable, a screen of dark-colored canvas in the rear will do. Room should appear very bare. Old table and chair R. C., chair L. C., and chair L. are the only furniture. A smoky oil lamp flickers on the table. Stage is partially darkened.*

Curtain rises discovering JOE *seated at table R. C., writing;* HUGO *on chair L. C.;* BILL *lounging on floor R.;* HAROLD ST. CLAIR *seated on chair L.* STANLEY *and* HARRY *are seated on floor in rear of C. and tied with heavy ropes. Silence for a moment after curtain rises. Then—*

HUGO. Well, Joe, ain't you got that letter written yet?

JOE. Yep, almost. It'll be done in about a minute.

HUGO. Well, hurry up. It's time we got that ransom, an' I'm in no mood for foolin' time away. *(Silence again for a moment during which* JOE *continues to write.)*

JOE. Haw, haw! Well, here she is, all done. Quite a piece of literchure! Haw, haw!

HUGO. Well, shut up your blamed haw-hawin' and read it to us.

JOE. All right, here it is. (*Reads.*)

Hon. Garfield St. Clair, Dear Sir:—The party as writes this letter thinks as how he can give you some informashun concerning the whereabouts of your small son, Harold St. Clair. He is in the hands of desperit men and unless he is rescued soon will proberly be killed. Leave the sum of $2000 in the hollow in the big oak tree about half a mile north of your town and your son will come home safe. Refuse and only deth can be the result. Mum is the word. If you blow, the boy will be killed at onct.

Signed, KING ZUZAW.

BILL. Har, har, har! King Zuzaw! An' who might that be! Ho, ho!

JOE. Ho, ho! Didn't I tell you it was first class literchure?

HUGO. Well, when you two boobs get through laughing we'll be able to do some business.

BILL. Ho, ho! The "King" don't apprishiate his new title. Well, what's the business?

HUGO. The letter is all right, but we got to make the kid sign it in order to make it genuine. (*To* HAROLD ST. CLAIR.) Come over here, you young brat.

HAROLD. Are you talking to me?

HUGO. Yes. I say come over here, and be quick.

HAROLD. Well, if you want me to come there, then call me by my right name. I don't answer to the name of "brat."

HUGO (*rising in fury*). Do you dare to speak that way to me, you young scamp? I'll break every bone in your body, if you talk to me that way again. Come here.

HAROLD. I'll never come unless you ask me decently.

HUGO. Well, then, I'll thrash you till you can't stand up. (*Takes huge whip from floor and advances toward* HAROLD, *who shrinks back into the corner.*)

STANLEY. Here, you big bully. Don't you dare hit him.

HUGO. Well, Butinski, what have you to say? If you don't shut up I'll give you a taste of it, too.

STANLEY. You're a coward and a sneak, if you hit a defenseless boy. You haven't got a spark of humanity in your body if you do a thing like that.

HUGO (*standing aghast*). What! That to me?

HARRY. Yes, that and more. Ever since you brought us to this cave you've kept these heavy ropes on us, and my back is so stiff and sore that I'm almost dead. I know Stanley must be the same way. That proves that you're a coward. You're afraid to take the ropes off and face us squarely.

HUGO. Bah! You're a good gabber, but that don't go. Them ropes will stay right where they are until I'm good and ready to remove them. Haw, haw! It was a lucky stroke when I caught you two young sneaks a-spyin' around our cave. This'll teach you to mind your own business hereafter.

STANLEY. We do mind our own business, thank you. It's the business of any respectable person to hunt down a lawless rascal like you, and put him where he can do no more harm.

HUGO (*in fierce anger*). You'll suffer for this! I'll tell you, you'll suffer! And just to prove it, I'm going to thrash the both of you till you can't stand up. Here Joe, you and Bill stand these rascals up here till I thrash them.

BILL *and* JOE *grab the two boys and stand them up in C.* HUGO *raises whip and is about to deliver a blow, when there comes a rush off R., and* MR. HARRISON, MR. WILLIAMS *and the* SCOUTS *rush in, R. U. E.* MR. WILLIAMS *grabs* JACKSON, MR. HARRISON *tackles* BILL *and* GEORGE *and* HANS *overpowers* JOE.

STANLEY. It's the scouts! We're saved! Hurrah!

HARRY. Hurrah! Saved—just in the nick of time!

(*The crooks are handcuffed by* MR. WILLIAMS *and stood off L. The* SCOUTS *take the ropes off of Stanley and* HARRY. MR HARRISON *turns to the latter.*)

MR. HARRISON. Well, boys, you've had quite an experience with these rogues, but you are safe now. You have conducted yourselves like true scouts, and I am proud of you. (*Taking* HAROLD *by the hand and leading him to C.*) Come here, Harold. I'm sure that my greatest pleasure is to find you safe. I shall lose no time in bringing you home, and tomorrow you will be in your father's arms.

HAROLD. Oh, Mr. Harrison, how can I ever thank the scouts for saving me? Those awful men whipped me, and starved me, and might have killed me if it were not for the scouts.

MR. HARRISON (*motioning L.*). And as for these unfortunate young men who are responsible for this crime, I shall take them back to Pennsylvania and have them placed in a good, reliable reformatory. Boys, it is not our place to censure them for their wrong doings, but rather, as good scouts, to try to help them to live better lives hereafter. For this reason, I have decided not to turn them over to the law, but to give them another chance to make good in the world. So, Morris, I guess you can take those handcuffs off. (*Handcuffs are removed.*)

HUGO (*rushing over to* MR. HARRISON *and grabbing his hand*). Sir, you're the whitest man I've ever seen. I know I've done wrong, but I'm ready to repent and try to do better in the future. I've done a good many dirty things against the scouts, but I'm willing to make good, if you give me a chance. I'll go to the reformatory and try to make a man of myself.

JOE. Same here. I'm going to be white from this on.

BILL. An' I'm goin' t' do the same. I found this Scout Book in this young feller's pocket (*indicating* STANLEY) and this is what it says: (*Reads from Scout Handbook.*) "A scout is trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean and reverent." Well, that's what I'm goin' t' try t' be hereafter. I'm goin' t' adopt the Scout Law as my motto.

MR. HARRISON. Hurrah! You see, boys, we've really done a greater thing than save Harold from the kidnappers.

We've aided three young men to turn over new leaves, and lead honest, upright and industrious lives. Let's all repeat the Scout oath before we start back for camp. (*The three crooks stand C. and* SCOUTS *all gather around as Scout oath is repeated.*)

MR. WILLIAMS. Well, boys, let's be moving on toward camp. I see the sun is already setting behind the western hills.

SIMON. You're right. And that reminds me of a little poem I made up entitled—

CURTAIN.

SCENE II: *Sitting room in St. Clair home. Any appropriate set will do.*

Curtain rises discovering MRS. ST. CLAIR *seated R. C. playing some instrument, such as violin, and* HELEN ST. CLAIR *standing R. C., singing.* MR. ST. CLAIR *sits C. holding* HAROLD *in his lap. Song ends and* HELEN ST. CLAIR *seats herself L. C.*

MR. ST. CLAIR. Ah, Harold, how glad I am to have you safely back home. There was a time when I feared I should never see you again.

HAROLD. It might have been so, father, if it were not for the Boy Scouts.

MR. ST. CLAIR. That's true, Harold. We owe a great deal to the scouts. I have invited them over this afternoon to thank them for their services. (*Takes out watch.*) It's time they were here now.

Bell rings outside. Enter THOMAS *L. U. E.*

THOMAS. Please, sir, there's a lot of young chaps out here with uniforms on, and they say they want to see you.

MR. ST. CLAIR. Ah, the Boy Scouts, I presume. Bring them in here, Thomas.

THOMAS. Yes, sir. (*Exit* THOMAS *L. U. E.*)

MRS. ST. CLAIR. Do be liberal with the boys, father. You know, we owe the life of our dear Harold to them.

Enter STANLEY, HARRY, FRANK, GEORGE, SIMON, CHARLIE, HANS *and* TOMMIE, *L. U. E., in order named. Boys march R. and stand at attention in rear of stage.* MR. ST. CLAIR *places* HAROLD *in his chair and advances.*

MR. ST. CLAIR. Well, boys, I'm glad to see you. Give me your hands, all of you. I'm proud to shake hands with such brave and manly boys. When I think that I owe the life of my only son to you—ah, what would I have done without my boy? (*Takes handkerchief and wipes eyes.*)

STANLEY (*stepping C.*). I'm sure we appreciate your kind words, Mr. St. Clair, and we feel that we only did our duty in saving Harold. In our Scout Oath we promised to "help other people at all times," and we were merely trying to live up to our obligations.

MR. ST. CLAIR. Yes, my boy, but it takes brave and resolute lads, even though they are scouts, to face such dangers as you encountered. And now, as a token of my gratitude, let me present you with this small gift. (*Takes out roll of bills.*)

STANLEY. Thank you, sir, but we cannot think of accepting money for any service we might have been able to render. Boy Scouts never take a "tip" for a "good turn."

MR. ST. CLAIR. But, I shall have to pay my detectives a large sum, and they did not round up the kidnappers either. Besides, you have actually saved me two thousand dollars in cash, the sum demanded by the kidnappers. Surely you will receive at least half of this amount, not as a just remuneration for your services, but merely as a small installment of the great debt I owe you.

STANLEY. I hope you'll excuse us, sir, but we can't take it. (STANLEY *retires R., taking place with* SCOUTS.)

Enter THOMAS *L. U. E. with* MR. HARRISON *and* MR. WILLIAMS. *Exit* THOMAS.

MR. ST. CLAIR (*advancing and shaking hands*). Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am indeed glad to see you. I have just been trying to persuade your boys to accept a little gift as a token of my appreciation for the valuable services they

rendered in saving my boy. They are right stubborn young chaps and persistently refuse to accept my money. Pray, be seated. (MR. HARRISON *sits down L.,* MR. WILLIAMS *sits R.* MR. ST. CLAIR *remains standing in C.*)

MR. HARRISON. The boys are right, Mr. St. Clair. We train them not to receive any money for their "good turns." It aids them to be helpful and willing, and guards against selfishness.

MR. ST. CLAIR. But what can I do to show my gratitude? Tell me, boys, what is your greatest desire, and if it is in my power, it shall be granted.

HELEN. I'll tell you, father. Why don't you give the boys a trip across the continent to Yellowstone Park, or some place? I'm sure, if I were a boy, there's nothing I should like better.

MR. ST. CLAIR. The very thing! I should like to see good old Yellowstone myself, for I once spent three years out in that country. What do you say boys, will you accept a trip across the continent to Yellowstone Park?

STANLEY. What do you say, boys. Do we accept Mr. St. Clair's kind offer?

SCOUTS (*in chorus*). Ay, ay!

MR. ST. CLAIR. Good! That's what I like to hear! And just to prove my companionship, and the great fancy I've taken for you, I propose to accompany you on the trip. (*Aside to* MR. HARRISON.) I'll tell you what, this scout movement is a great thing, even for us older folks. (MR. ST. CLAIR *sits down C. again taking* HAROLD *on his lap.*)

MR. HARRISON. It certainly is. I, myself, feel at least ten years younger since I've been interested in scouting.

MR. WILLIAMS (*rising*). And now, boys, before we go, let's give three cheers for Mr. St. Clair and Yellowstone Park. (MR. HARRISON *rises.*)

SCOUTS (*enthusiastically*). Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

CURTAIN.

The Boy Scout Hero

By EDWIN PULLER

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama for boys, in 2 acts; 17 males. Time, 1½ hours. **Scene:** 1 exterior, easy to set. A boy scout troop on its annual camp in the woods find a street gamin who is living in a cave with a hobo. He is rescued from a career of crime, procures a fine position, and in the end becomes a favorite with the boys and qualifies as an Eagle Scout. It is an interesting dramatic story well supplied with action and comedy; introduces boy scout stunts; true to scout principles and written by a scoutmaster of six years' experience.

SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Bing tries to make a sale. "We don't eat stolen chickens." "Dese ain't stole; dey was jest swiped when de farmer wasn't lookin'." Red Mike in search of Bing. The accusation and the attack. "No you don't." Scouts overpower Red Mike and bind his hands and feet. Bing starts to leave. "Stay here in camp with us." "Gimme a chance, fellers, won't ye?" Red Mike threatens the boys and is reminded of a safe robbery for which he has been hunted. "I don't wanna talk to no sheriff." Red Mike released. "I ain't got nobody now but youse guys an' I'm a-goin' to make good or bust a suspender."

Act II.—Two years have passed. Skinny relates a thrilling adventure in which Bing has proven the hero. "Here's the snake's rattle." "We're proud to have you in our troop." Performance of scout stunts. Bing wins all the contests except one. "I am proud to pin on your breast this Eagle Scout badge." "You have proven yourself a Boy Scout Hero."

What's in a Name?

By FANNY CANNON

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy; 2 males, 3 females. Time, 25 minutes. A girl objects to the loss of woman's distinctiveness by the change in name upon marriage. She marries and attempts to retain her maiden name but a few days of misunderstandings and complications teach her the folly of it. Exceptionally clever and humorous. Written especially for President's Day, New York Theatre Club, and produced under the direction of the author on the occasion of the Club's Annual Breakfast, at Hotel Astor, with a cast of professional players.

The Goose Creek Line

By CARABEL LEWIS MUNGER

Price, 15 Cents

A comedy in 2 acts; 3 males, 10 females. Time, 1 hour. **Scenes:** 2 interiors. The fun and incident of this lively play concern the installation and completion of a telephone line—the first in Goose Creek Hollow. It abounds in humorous incidents of the rural section and the characters are true to life. It was especially written for Chautauqua County, New York grange, and has been produced in manuscript numerous times with decided success.

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Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
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Oh, Doctor! 30 min.	6	2
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Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.		1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
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